

u got me so horny by eternalgoldfish

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Billy Hargrove Being Gross, Bisexual Billy Hargrove, Bisexual Steve Harrington, College, Dick Pics, Drunk Driving, Getting Together, M/M, Past Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Semi-Public Sex, Sexting

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-11-23

Updated: 2021-03-26

Packaged: 2022-04-01 02:10:41

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 12

Words: 13,857

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

u got me so horny

Steve is pretty sure this text message isn't for him?

Like, 89.5% sure.

Because one, the number isn't in his contacts, and two. Who texts u when they've got swipe to text? It's 2019? Technology has evolved? Maybe it's stylistic?

But mostly Steve is pretty sure it's not for him, because when he texts back, *Who is this?* It's followed by a long pause, and,

u kno princess

Like, uh. Like, he actually doesn't? And also, like, *Sorry bro you got the wrong number.*

1. u kno princess

Author's Note:

Hey! So, this is all the pieces of my *u got me so horny* universe on Tumblr. It'll be updated as I add them there. They flow chronologically.

u got me so horny

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Like, uh. Like, he actually doesn't? And also, like, *Sorry bro you got the wrong number.*

Because Steve might have wobbled on the side of heteroflexible a few times in his life -- which Nancy has informed him is *not a thing*, and *we watched gay porn while you fucked me once*, but what does she even know? -- but he's never been drunk enough to give out his number to a dude in a bar, and he's pretty sure there are no other circumstances in which he would find himself with some dude blowing up his phone.

He doesn't leave his dorm room much. He has to study? He's doing this new thing where he pretends to be responsible.

stevie, the next message reads, *u kno me*

tell me how 2 cum

This is sexual harassment? But Steve's adjusting himself in his shorts, just like, reasonably uncomfortable with a stranger making requests. It's not hot? It's just. Itchy.

So is the pic he gets a second later, a thick, slick cock fisted in some guy's hand, a heavy silver ring on his index finger, thumb working over his slit. Steve's half way through typing *what the f* when he recognizes the cross tattoo on the side of his hand, and--

Billy fucking Hargrove is rubbing one out to him. For him, if Billy thinks the pictures and the gross words are a reasonable come on.

And Steve is kind of fucking stupid, because Billy lives on his floor, five doors down, and he faintly remembers him kissing Steve's neck at a party they threw on their floor last week. Steve had been high as a fucking kite and laughing in a chair in the lounge, beer clumsily held between his fingers, and Billy had been all hot-mouthed and wandering hands when he sat in Steve's lap. He'd rolled his hips as they spoke, like it was normal to gasp into each other's mouths, like they hadn't been throwing punches the first month they shared the same place.

Steve's got his hand in his shorts, lip bit tight between his teeth.

He gave Billy his number.

is your door unlocked?

y

Steve's not sure if Billy means *yes* or *why*? He's not sure what he's actually planning on doing, but he guesses he's about to find out.

2. let me in

Steve is standing in front of Billy's door before it really clicks that he's going there.

Like, he knows, but in that kind of half-hazy way he gets when his dick is already growing hard in his sweatpants, when he's not thinking with his whole brain.

There's a sign on his door that says *Billy* in glitter-glue, with a messily scrawled Sharpie *FUCK YOU, TOMMY* under it, and Steve swallows as he tries the handle.

He's a fucking moron.

He looks up and down the hall, before knocking, kind of clears his throat, and hisses, "Billy. Billy, open the door."

Nothing. He wants to die. He pulls out his phone, like, *Let me in*, before knocking again.

There's a laugh, some shuffling. Steve wants to die. A moment later, Billy pulls the door open, pillow held tight to his crotch and lazy, shitty smile promising exactly what's under it.

"Holy fuck, you're so fucking *easy*."

And Steve doesn't know what he was even fucking thinking when he decided to get off his ass, but now he's kind of wishing he *hadn't*, because Billy is licking his lips and pulling the pillow away from his body, and the *door is open* and they're *basically in public*. He hasn't really been thinking all night, but he's definitely not thinking when he shoves Billy inside, or lets Billy crowd him up against the door, kissing his neck.

Billy's fucking shameless, or maybe unhinged. He rocks against Steve's thigh, dick leaking between them. "I was thinking more like tits or ass. Or maybe the face. Are you a face guy?"

"What?" Steve asks.

"I asked you how I should come," Billy says, like it's obvious. "Or are you the kind of guy who likes it in your mouth?"

Steve wants to let him know that he's not the kind of guy who likes it *anywhere*, but he's standing in Billy Hargrove's bedroom with Billy Hargrove pulling down his pants, and he thinks it's a little late to laugh and say no-homo when he fucking invited himself over.

It's just. Steve is really hard and everything is feeling really complicated.

"Are you gonna touch my dick, Pretty Boy?" Billy asks. "Or were you just coming here to watch?"

Steve reaches down, wraps his fingers around the weeping cock from the photo, likes how Billy gasps in his ear. Likes it more when Billy starts stroking him too, laughs like, "Wow, *King Steve*, I see why the girls gave you that title."

Then like, "You ever choked on a cock, baby?"

"What? *No*," Steve says, sharp, but it's a little broken, caught by a moan halfway.

Billy comes so fast it should be embarrassing, but he keeps urging Steve on until he's hissing, sensitive. Takes the come off Steve's old tee with two fingers and places them on Steve's tongue.

Steve's tasted himself before, but this is different, somehow, makes his dick twitch and eyes water. He doesn't need to be told to suck, comes thinking about the ring on Billy's index finger, the one slick with lube and pre, probably gummy now as Billy wipes the spit on his fingers off on Steve's shirt.

"Thanks," he says, like, "TTYL?"

And he's fucking obnoxious, and outdated, and not fucking funny.

But when Billy sends a video two days later, like, *want me 2 cum in ur ass or mouth*, Steve is abandoning his Stats homework, because, like.

He doesn't fucking *know*, alright?

3. megan fox

“Why is someone’s grandma sexting you?” Nancy asks, and Steve has never scrambled so hard to get his phone in his entire fucking *life*.

He snatches it from her fingers like, “Don’t you know what privacy is?”

But the thing is, well. The thing is that he went back to the condiments stand to see if they had Stevia for Jonathan, because he’s on some fucking hippie health kick, and Steve had asked Nancy to watch his phone, because he’s expecting a *very important phone call*. But that phone call is meant to be his mother updating him on whether or not his Auntie Krista has cancer, or if she’s just WebMD’d that shit for the thirtieth fucking time.

want 2 see u pretty boy

send dick pix

And the thing is, *neither* of these texts are from his mom, or about his Auntie Kirsta.

But they *do* include a pic that is definitely a cock, and if Nancy had been brave enough to open the texts, instead of just glancing at the previews as they popped up on the screen -- which he really needs to change -- she would have gotten a lot more information about *grandma* than she really needed.

Nancy is leaning over the table with her elbow pressed into her women’s studies textbook, chin in her palm, like, “You can just tell us you’re dating someone. It’s not weird, just because we used to date.”

Except it is? Especially because she just said it? And Steve likes to think he’s gotten real good at pretending he doesn’t know *exactly* what Nancy looks like when she rides his dick, so.

(Like, she always tipped her head back as she bounced, moans falling from her open mouth, tits pebbled and red from how he’d sucked them. Her whole body taut with his name.)

“I’m not dating anyone,” he says, and it’s not really a lie.

ur missing out

Steve shouldn’t look at his phone with Nancy squinting like that, because he’s got another picture of Billy’s dick popping up on his screen, precome drooling from his tip, slicking up his rings, and Steve knows *exactly* where he wants to be, *exactly* when Nancy says, “Seriously, Steve? We’re in a Starbucks, Jesus Christ.”

Billy’s got a new tattoo, barbed wire around his index finger, paired with the crucifix on the side of his hand, like he thinks he’s gonna get to see *God* or something. That’s way more interesting than Nancy saying, “Wait a second -- that’s not you!”

Like, no, it’s not, and Steve knows he’s in a Starbucks, but his dick is pretty sure it should be in Billy’s hand, and that’s not pairing well with the heat crawling up his chest. He licks his lips and slides his phone into his pocket. Says, “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Shit, sorry I’m late,” Jonathan says, dumping his books on the table. “Did they have Stevia?”

“Yeah man,” Steve says, throwing the packets across the table.

Nancy crosses her arms over her chest, like, “Do you know any guys with a cross tattoo on their hand?”

As if that’s not the most basic fucking tattoo possible, failing grade for creativity.

“Uh, a few, why?”

“Steve?”

And Steve’s not sharing. “Sorry, I gotta split,” he says. Grabs all his things off the table and stuffs them in his backpack in one choppy movement, almost forgets to grab his half-full Salted Caramel Mocha (half sweet, almond milk, no whip), on the way.

(He’s being *responsible*, and caring about his *health* and shit.)

“I think Billy does, that guy on our floor?”

“*Billy?* Like, the guy with the man bun? *Him?*”

She says it exactly how Steve feels about it, but he doesn’t really care, already out the door. Car keys in hand as he jogs through the rain to his BMW.

2 late

In the photo, Billy’s got his dick gripped in one hand, come licking milky lines over his abdomen. Like, *I had to think about Megan Fox. 2009 Megan Fox. You made me come to that.*

Because Billy is actually completely fucking capable of full sentences, he’s just *like that* when he wants to rile Steve up, maybe thinks it makes him sound urgent, and it shouldn’t *work*, but.

Steve’s in his car in a Starbucks parking lot, phone pointed down as he pulls out his dick.

Just three jerks and he’s hard enough for the pic to be worth it, sends it fast as he glances out his windows.

He doesn’t want to tuck himself back into his jeans, would rather sit behind the wheel, move his hand slow until he’s panting, thinking about Billy’s thumbs, his thick ring rubbing over Steve’s cock.

He doesn’t do that. He tucks himself in and rips too-fast out of the parking lot, makes it to the first set of lights before he gets the call.

“You jerk off to me during your date?” Billy asks.

But when all Steve can say is, “It wasn’t a date,” all rushed, too eager, Billy just *laughs*.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey everyone! Thank you so much for reading, and I hope you’re enjoying this series so far.

As always, feedback is greatly appreciated! I love hearing what you have to say.

Also, I like friends? Feel free to hit me up on tumblr
@eternalgoldfish.
Lots of hugs and kisses.

4. I really wanna suck your tits

Steve's always kind of had a thing about breasts.

Not like, the *size* of them, or the shape, exactly. It's kind of a case-by-case basis. It's not like, the bouncier the better. But if they *do* bounce, and if they're not in a bra, and if he can see some nipple through the shirt, *well*.

They're a weakness, that's all.

When he was fucking Nancy, he couldn't keep them out of his mouth. He'd play with her pebbled nipples until they were red and sore, until she was *dripping* inside her panties from all the attention. Leaking through them, even, as she tried to convince him to move his head between her thighs.

He knows how it sounds, alright? Like, he knows that if he had to explain it, he'd have to start the sentence with, *I don't have a mommy kink, but* -- but, he likes the smooth swell of them, likes to suck on the bud, tug it with his teeth. Likes having something ridged to roll his tongue over.

Nancy would have bruises that went from her clit, all the way up to her ears.

He's never really thought about men having nipples. Like, they *have* them, of course, but he's never really thought about how it might feel to pinch his as he jerks off, the nubs hard chilled from the faulty radiator in his dorm room. It's never really crossed his mind that twisting one might make his hips cant, breath wheezy. How pushing out his chest and flicking himself might make him feel vulnerable, and fucking *filthy*.

But his phone dinged three minutes ago, and he's in a Stats lecture, and he thinks he might fucking cream his pants. Because Billy doesn't have class until three, and Billy is there on his phone, shirt shucked up to his armpits, nipples pink and hand toying with the bulge in his boxer briefs, and.

Steve knows which part of this scenario is supposed to make his mouth dry.

Honestly, he knows it's the whole fucking scenario, but like. *Specifically*, it's meant to be Billy's cock, and his hand, and how Billy has jerked him off five times now.

What it's *not* meant to be is a big fucking awakening, because like.

Steve's mouth isn't dry, it's drenched. And it's not Billy's cock he wants to suck.

(Not that he's done that yet, but it's crossed his mind about a thousand fucking times, and Billy loves to stick his fingers in Steve's mouth, so Steve is *pretty sure* that Billy knows. But Billy's all about teasing, and talking big, and)

u cuming princess?

Steve blinks at his phone. He honestly doesn't know what's happening in the lecture anymore, too busy chewing his lip between his teeth.

want 2 cum in ur ass

But *on* Steve's ass is the only way he's ever done it. *On* his face. *On* his chest. Just keeps talking big, making promises.

Steve's never fucked any other guys, so he doesn't know if this is like, standard practice courtship, or whatever, but he's pretty sure Billy is going through a lot of fucking effort for some quick handjobs.

Steve takes a picture of the tent in his sweats, tries to be subtle, because, like, he's already on thin ice with this professor. Not like blatantly walking out of her lecture with a hard-on is going to make that relationship better, but.

He sends the pic without a caption and scoops up his books.

Steve knocks on Billy's door.

No answer.

Someone's drawn a dick on a post-it and left it next to the glitter-glued sign with Billy's name on it, and Steve's guess is that it was probably Tommy. But maybe it's a calling card from some other guy, like, *hit me up, I know what you need*, and for a second, Steve's stomach swoops, although he can't place why--

But then the door is clicking open, and Billy's standing there in the clothes from his photo, hip cocked and a piece of gum working between his molars as he grins.

There's a damp spot at the front of his gray boxer briefs.

Now, Steve's mouth is dry.

What he means to say is, *we should go inside*. What he says is, "I really wanna suck your tits."

Billy *maybe* almost chokes on his gum. "You want to *what*?" he asks, words half laughter. But he's stepping back and pulling his shirt over his head, an obvious invitation, and Steve would be a moron to repeat himself.

Instead, he steps in and closes the door behind him, dropping his backpack where he's standing, nose in Billy's neck a second later.

"You miss me, Pretty Boy?" Billy asks, hands in Steve's hair like he knows the answer. He does. He leaves all his rings on when they mess around, knows Steve likes the feel of the metal.

He flexes the peck under Steve's hand like, "You gonna let me come in your mouth if I let you at my tits?"

"Yeah," Steve promises. Blurts, really. Because like, *yeah*. He's been waiting.

"Gonna learn to take my cock, too? Let me fuck your mouth?"

"*Yeah*."

Billy falls on the edge of the bed and spreads his thighs, tugs on

Steve's hair for a kiss. It's all teeth and quick nips, drawing things out.

"You gonna let me do it?" Steve asks, lips brushing.

Billy's breath is hot on his chin as he laughs. "Yeah, go for it, man."

He rests his hands back on the bed, shivers as Steve kisses down his neck, and like. Steve thinks he should be insulted, maybe, because Billy keeps laughing, but his breath also catches when Steve licks over a nipple, so.

It might be projecting, but he thinks Billy's coiled as tight as he is, light headed as he swirls his tongue around the bud, sucking soft. Like they're on the verge of something.

He bites, sharp, dick kicking at the hiss Billy gives, and maybe Billy is in the same boat, because his hand is sliding down between them, working slow inside his briefs.

"You're gonna like my dick so much, Princess," Billy breathes, "Give you something real good to put in your mouth."

And Steve *wants* to say that's gross, and *wants* to say his dick's not leaking about it, but.

Yeah.

5. kind of a slut, for a straight boy

Steve's starting to think it's not going to happen.

Like. It's *happening*, in that Billy's got his thighs spread wide, panting as he strokes himself, gasping slightly when Steve plays with his nipples in a way that he likes, but.

Maybe he's also sitting on the edge of the bed with Steve kneeling between his thighs, and Steve loves having Billy's nipples in his mouth, could probably switch between them forever, licking over the nubs, but.

With how they're pressed close, Steve can feel how Billy's hand is moving in his boxer briefs, because every stroke has his fist rubbing over Steve's chest. He *wants* it. Texted Steve like he always texts Steve, basically begging for it.

But now it's all slow, drawn out, and.

Steve's maybe been playing with himself for a while as well, just lazy, one hand wrapped around Billy's waist to hold him close, the other tucked into his sweats. Mouth roaming Billy's pecks, moaning at how they feel under his tongue. He knows how he must look, fully dressed, needy, compliant and foolish.

And Billy keeps saying shit like, "Christ, Pretty Boy. You really like this, huh? Gonna look so good with my cock in your mouth. You got the perfect lips for it. Keep dreaming about come all over that fucking pout."

But when Steve kisses *down*, thinking maybe this is the part where Billy pulls himself out and rubs his tip over Steve's face, makes him kiss it, does all the shit he keeps *saying*, Billy just *laughs*.

He pulls his hand out of his underwear to cup Steve's chin, kisses him like, "Eager, Princess."

And sucking dick has never really been on any of Steve's to-do lists, but this is getting pretty fucking stale. His dick is fucking aching, and

he's pretty sure Billy's is too, and he just. He doesn't fucking understand, alright?

Because Billy invites him over. And Billy makes promises. And sure, maybe this is only the sixth fucking time they've messed around, and maybe Steve has no fucking clue what he's doing but.

He knows what he wants, for now, at least.

He grabs Billy's sticky hand, kisses his palm before licking up his middle finger.

Billy lets him, making eye contact right before Steve presses the tip past his lips. Breathes sharp when Steve sucks.

There must be a whole box of rings somewhere in Billy's room, but Steve always thinks about the one on Billy's middle finger. Likes how it feels on his tongue, like the first time they did this. Likes that Billy always leaves it on.

"You're kind of a slut, for a straight boy," Billy says, maybe impressed. Mostly like he knows something Steve doesn't, which is probably also true. "You wanna suck my dick so bad you gotta practice first?"

Steve wouldn't need practice if Billy just *let him*. Not that he *needs* practice, or *needs* to do any of this.

(He's trying not to think about what it means that he feels like he does, that if Billy doesn't let him try, it'll drive him fucking crazy.)

He pulls back, says, "Billy." Kind of tired, maybe like a prayer. "Jesus Christ, just let me fucking blow you, okay? I'm not trying to do it just because you fucking asked, alright?"

And he's not even sure if that's the issue, that Billy maybe feels like he tricked Steve into this, but he doesn't know *why* Billy would think that, when they keep fucking getting their hands in each other's pants, and jerk off to each other's nudes, and send each other texts like *u got me so horny*.

Billy just sort of puckers his lips a second, jaw working. "You want

to?” he asks.

“*Yeah*, I fucking want to. I said I fucking wanted to. You’ve texted me that you want to fuck me in the ass like *three times*, and I showed up all three of those fucking times.”

“Okay, well this other guy--” Billy starts, nearly sneers.

And Steve doesn’t want to fucking think about that guy. Doesn’t like how sour that makes his gut, like maybe he’s invested, or maybe Billy doesn’t want his dick in his mouth, because he’s *saving* it, for--

“I’m not that fucking guy,” Steve says. “If you don’t want this, then I don’t get why you keep--”

“Jesus, fuck,” Billy says, before grabbing Steve’s head and shoving him down, pushing until Steve’s cheek is pressed against his cock. “Are you going to suck it, or what?”

At this point, Steve kind of wants to know what the *or what* option is, because he’s so fucking hard, and so fucking pissed off, and kind of wonders if this is how straight girls feel, when their boyfriends don’t know how to make them come.

(Steve is a gentleman, so he *always* makes sure they do, because his mama raised him right, and it’s *hot*, and.)

(He’s trying to do this thing where he’s *responsible*.)

(This doesn’t feel responsible. He doesn’t know what the *fuck* this feels like.)

“Give me some fucking room,” Steve says.

Billy eases up, but he doesn’t move his hands from Steve, drapes them loosely over his shoulders instead.

Steve swallows and licks his lips, palms himself a few times before pulling himself out, reaching in to pull Billy out at the same time. Somehow this is more compliant, more foolish. Has him nearly fucking drooling.

When he licks over the slit, Billy's breath hitches, Billy's hands tensing on his shoulders. There's a weight in them, a want. A something Steve doesn't want to name.

His heart beats in his ears as he closes his eyes, hollows his lips and bobs how he's watched girls do, thinks absently that maybe he should have Googled this. Just out of curiosity. Just in case.

It's hard to focus when he can't keep his hand out of his pants, and he's sure what he's doing is sloppy, and bad, but Billy keeps scraping his fingers over Steve's neck, brushing him with his rings, so he knows he must be doing something right.

Even if he comes first, gagging and sputtering on Billy's cock at the same time, pulling back to cough as Billy laughs.

"You liked it that much?" Billy asks. *Teasing*. Like maybe he thinks Steve is *cute*.

Steve wants to say something smart, like maybe let Billy know he's gotta wash come off his carpet now, but. Billy's stroking himself, groaning, wound tight. When he pulls Steve closer and presses the head of his cock to Steve's lips, Steve knows what to do, licks at the pre, mouths willingly.

Billy doesn't come *in* his mouth, but he does come *on* it, and it's pretty fucking standard in that way, at this point, but.

Billy also bends to lick the come off his lips, kiss him deep, and.

Maybe Steve's not mad when he goes back to his dorm room to find an annoyed email from his professor, two missed calls from Nancy, and a text from billy that just says, *slut*.

Notes for the Chapter:

These keep getting longer? I don't know what's going on.

Thank you for reading!

(And please let me know what you think? I'm a slut for validation.)

6. gonna beg pretty for me?

The thing is, when Steve is moaning on his back, hands fisted in Billy's hair, wrecking Billy's bun, he's not really thinking with his *brain*.

He's not really thinking with *anything*, but it's definitely harder with Billy's mouth on his neck, one hand teasing his dick.

Billy'd texted *pls* and *want u to cum on my cock*, and Steve thought abandoning his English lit paper on his bed in favour of Billy's sheets was going to be a fast process.

It never is. He doesn't know why he still thinks this. But maybe it's because Billy always warms him up slow when he's got the time, all hot-mouthed promises and lingering hums. Doesn't care about Steve's time, or Steve's plans, or what Steve thinks he *needs*.

What Steve *needs* is for Billy to hurry the fuck up, because they've been doing this maybe a month, and Steve *gets* it, he *wants* it.

(He *wants* to get back to his English lit paper, but only because it's due in three hours, and his mom will kill him if he fails another course, and he's maybe already on academic probation, and he doesn't want to flunk out because he can't keep away from some dude's hands.)

But he's not thinking with his *brain*. Not thinking about what it all means, like, "Dude, are you going to fuck me, or like, what is happening?"

Because Billy's hardly stuck a finger in him, and he'd never really thought about anyone doing that before Billy, but there's all these promises, and Steve fucking *dreams* about Billy's hand tattoos, inked crucifix and barbed-wired index finger. Cold silver rings wrapped around Steve's cock, how Billy's cock feels resting on Steve's tongue.

It's a lot.

Billy is a lot.

But sometimes, Billy isn't *enough*. "Just. *Please*."

"You sure?" Billy asks, hand resting on Steve's thighs to push his legs open wide.

"Yes, Christ," Steve says. And he's not even really sure what he means, hand fumbling for the lube Billy tossed on the bed, keeps tossing on the bed like it's for show.

"Alright, alright," Billy says. But he takes his time taking it, mouth roving over Steve's skin still.

He's not delicate when he does it. Hoists Steve's hips up so he can push a finger in, timing it with his strokes.

It kind of fucking hurts, but. Steve's not thinking with his *brain*.

"This what you were hoping for, Princess?" Billy asks, mouth hot on Steve's inner thigh. "How you want boys to fuck you?"

And the answer should be some kind of muddled *no*, and, *not really*, and *please just fuck me, I just want you to fuck me*.

What he says is, "Billy," and "Yes," gasped and drawn out as he finds the good in the feeling. Wants Billy closer, sooner.

"Could probably get you to come like this. You're so *easy*. Never seen a straight boy want dick so bad. Lotta guys think they're gonna get to fuck me."

He works Steve as he talks, stretching him, making his chest hot and his breath rattle. Still too slow, starting to be too much. Filling Steve in ways he didn't know.

"Do they?" Steve asks. Doesn't want to know.

Billy huffs, drags his teeth over Steve's skin. "What do you think, Princess?"

Billy fucks him like he's breakable, like that's what he's going for.

And the thing is, Steve can hardly breathe, one hand tugging Billy's hair more out of the elastic with every thrust, one hand wrapped around his own cock. He feels like Nancy, wide and wanting, keening. Didn't know this was an *option*.

Doesn't like his ex's flitting past his eyes with someone else hot on top of him, but it's not the *same*, and.

"Gonna make me come so good," Billy promises. "Shit, baby, you're so fucking tight. Want me to come in your ass? Gonna beg pretty for me, straight boy?"

And Steve's not really thinking, so. *Yeah*, he fucking begs.

The thing is, once Billy's tied the condom up and tossed it in the trash, he's a lot less interested in company. "You say you have that paper to write?"

"Yeah, uh." Steve's not getting up yet, scanning the floor for what he thinks are his pants. Wonders if this is how it goes, if any of Billy's other boys wear Calvin Klein's. "It's due in like, a bit. By midnight."

"Shit, you don't have a lot of time."

"Yeah, that's what I told you."

But Billy doesn't really seem to care about that, checking his phone. "This was worth it?"

And it feels so fucking stupid, now that Steve's got himself back online. "Yes? Christ, I just got off so hard. How can you even ask that?"

Billy's typing something, and that's maybe the worst part of it.

"Are you expecting a no homo or something? I'm not gay like you, so I'm faking it?"

Billy looks up, eyebrows pinching. "What? I'm not gay."

Steve laughs, dry, says, “Sure, okay. Fuck.” He gets up to get his pants.

“You think that because I came on to you, I only like dudes?”

“You think that because I let you fuck me, I only like chicks?”

It’s weird. Uncomfortable. Not what Steve showed up for.

He likes Billy a lot more when he’s smiling like Steve’s a prize, when he’s sending Steve videos, jerking off to his name.

“How about,” Billy says, paced. “You go write that paper, then come back to change my mind?”

The obvious answer should be no, but Billy says it after licking his lips, while he’s reaching for a pack of cigarettes, and they’re not allowed to smoke in the dorms, and Steve only smokes at parties, but there’s something *about* it. Confused heat in Steve’s belly, tension in his chest.

So he dresses and leaves, writes until twelve seventeen, hands the paper in.

When he checks his phone, he’s got three messages.

ur ass is fucking sweet prtty boy

wanna fuck u soon

sorry

The first two were sent before he’d even left Billy’s room.

Notes for the Chapter:

I literally only write these when I need to be writing a paper, and I hate myself? A bit.

(I also need to go run like a hundred errands, so. see: I hate me)

I hope you all liked this installment!

Thank you for reading, as always, I’m

@eternalgoldfish on tumblr.
And I'd love to hear what you think!

7. convince me

They're not fucking in the back of Billy's car, because they're too tall, and they're not eighteen, and their dorm is only five fucking minutes away.

This was supposed to be a fun party. And it was. Steve spent the last few hours drunk and dizzy, laughing and playing beer pong, dancing with some chicks he doesn't really know, doesn't think he'll even remember their names tomorrow.

It happens. You meet people, they're your best friend for five hours. You take their lipstick kisses, trade Instagram handles, and leave.

This was supposed to be a fun party. But they're not at the party anymore. They're in Billy's car, because Billy had said *let's go* and *it'll be more fun at home*.

All he had to do was kiss Steve's neck, because Steve was drunk, and laughing, and *easy*.

But Steve is always easy, with Billy. Always thinks with his dick first and brain second.

(Thinks his heart might be somewhere in there too, but he's not sure what place to give it, and he's too drunk to think about it deeply.)

The last time they fucked, Billy had said to come back later, if he wanted. But it was after midnight, and Steve had been tired, and Billy was *hot* and *eager* and *sleazy*, but.

Anyway, it's been three days, and this party was supposed to be fun, and now Steve is sitting in the passenger side of Billy's car as Billy blasts through campus, both of them fucking shit-faced, because Steve *wanted* to get an Uber, but Billy didn't want to wait, didn't want to have to come back for his shit, and Steve *should* have said no, but lately Steve's been doing anything Billy wants. Everything.

Steve's kind of hazy, palming himself through his pants, watching Billy drive, and he's *not* going to fuck Billy in the back of his car,

because he's not a teenager, and he has about three ounces of self control, but it's *hard* when Billy keeps glancing at him out of the corner of his eye, smirking when he takes his hand off the gearshift at a red light to rub between Steve's thighs.

His rings shine under the streetlights, thick and silver, tattooed crucifix on the side of his hand flexing when he taps his thumbs on the wheel.

He's trying to look calm, but Steve can see how strained his jeans are, can almost see the car crashing if Billy shifts the wrong way, gives himself enough friction in his own fucking pants to blow his load.

Steve *laughs*.

"What the fuck is so funny?" Billy asks, but he's grinning.

Steve bites his tongue a second. "Are we there yet?"

"Shit, shut the fuck up."

"Are we there yet?"

But Billy is laughing too, a little, rosy cheeked. Comes in hot when he parks, nearly throwing himself out of the car as soon as the engine dies. Doesn't really give Steve time to get out either, crowding him against the car door the second it's closed, already mouthing at his neck.

"You gonna convince me, Pretty Boy?" Billy asks.

Steve needs a minute to put the pieces together, remember why they weren't partying together in the first place. That Billy thinks he's straight. That this is kind of bullshit.

"Are you going to be a dick again?"

Billy hums against his skin, kisses his cheek. Says, "I can give you my dick, if that's what you mean."

It isn't, but Steve's already got a hand on the fly of Billy's jeans, and they're in a fucking parking lot, and they're *not* fucking in Billy's car,

when their dorm room is *right there*, so.

Steve finds himself on his back a lot, in Billy's room. This time, it's with his thighs spread, shirt pushed up past his nipples and socks still on as Billy mouths between his bare thighs, Billy's thumb brushing over Steve's slit as he jerks Steve's cock, leisurely, lazy. Like they weren't so fucking riled up five minutes ago that Steve was debating sucking Billy off while he *drove*.

"I'm going to fucking kill you if you don't take your pants off," Steve promises.

Billy's shirtless, hair nearly out of his bun, but his jeans are still done up tight, wet spot obvious on the material as he straightens up. He pushes Steve's legs up more by the knees, tilting his head as he pushes them open wide again. Just *playing*, just fucking around.

"What'll you do if I take my pants off?"

"You *know* what I'll fucking do."

"So tell me anyway."

But Steve doesn't actually know, not until it's coming out of his mouth, a needy, half-formed thought. "I'm going to *ride you*, if you need fucking *convincing*."

Not that Steve has any fucking idea how to do that.

From the way Billy's breath hitches, it does the trick, though. He backs off long enough to get rid of his pants, giving Steve just enough time to get off his stupid socks, and his stupid shirt, and his stupid fucking *sexuality crisis*.

When Billy sits on the bed, Steve gets into his lap, gets him pinned down as their dicks grind together between their bodies. Kisses Billy until he's breathless, until Billy is fighting for the lube in his bedside drawer.

"You're going to love fucking yourself on my cock, baby. Won't be

able to get off again without it in you. Might have to get a dildo just to try. *Imagine*, straight boy Steve Harrington, cock slut.”

And Billy talks a lot, practically fucking rambles the same shit over and over every time they mess around, so it *shouldn't* still make Steve's dick fucking kick, but.

He eases forward and sticks his ass out, letting Billy finger him like this while he gasps into Billy's hair, and.

It's fucking stupid, really, that Billy's the one with a fucking complex, when Steve is letting him do *this* and puts up with *his* shit.

He's too fucking drunk to be riding. He realizes this about five bounces after it's too late, thighs already quaking as he uses his hands to keep himself upright, anyway he can. He can't back out now, or he's a pussy, but he also can't fall over and break Billy's fucking dick, so.

And Billy *does* have a nice dick, not that Steve has any point of comparison. It's hard to think when he's moving his hips at the right angle, Billy's cock slipping in and out of him, Billy's thick fingers and rings jerking Steve's cock at the same speed.

All Steve can really compare right now is the way he's sure he looks, back arched a little, skin flushed, hair stuck to his forehead, and how Nancy used to look, doing the same. How her breasts bounced. How her mouth was always slightly open, hissing soft. How sometimes she'd play with her clit at the same time.

Steve's nowhere near that fucking coordinated. His balance itself is a two-hand operation.

Which is why when Billy comes, it's so fucking startling that Steve falls on top of him.

Because *they forgot the fucking condom*.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi, I'm not dead! idk man.

Thank you all for reading! Feedback, as always, is greatly appreciated.

I hope you're all doing well!

Feel free to hit me up @eternalgoldfish on tumblr, I love friends.

8. found ur thong

Steve wakes in Billy's bed.

Steve never wakes in Billy's bed.

But the sun is shining, and Steve's eyes are crusted with sleep, and Billy's back is warm and solid where it's pressed against his, their legs touching, Billy's dorm-issued twin-sized bed hardly large enough for one full-grown man, let alone two. Steve doesn't remember getting under the covers, or Billy wishing him goodnight.

But the sun is shining, and Steve wonders what Billy would do if Steve rolled over and tucked an arm around his waist, pressed kisses into his neck. Steve wonders what Billy would do if Steve curled them together and called him *baby*.

They're wearing underwear, so at some point, they got out of bed.

It's not that Steve doesn't remember *anything*. He remembers sitting in Billy's car -- almost *jerking off* in Billy's car. He remembers whining against Billy's lips with Billy inside him -- Billy's hot thighs between Steve's legs, Billy's fingernails digging into Steve's hips.

He remembers *falling* on Billy, which. The universe couldn't have let him get away with one bit of dignity in all that, huh?

Up until that point, he thought he'd been doing pretty fucking well, thank you very much.

Billy'd laughed and laughed, and pulled Steve on his side, and jerked Steve off until Steve was gasping and coming, toes curling, feeling drunk, and eager, and *toomuchnotenoughpleasedon'tstop*.

There's just a gap in time there, clearly, because fucking into Billy's fist doesn't equate to waking up in his sheets.

So, Steve stays like that, back to back with Billy, wonders how much time he has until Billy wakes up, asks him to leave. Wonders how it could go if he pressed a kiss to Billy's shoulder, danced his fingers over Billy's arm hair, flicked his foot a certain way. Unlikely butterfly

theory shit, and all that.

Then Billy fucking rolls over and wraps an arm around him, giving him a sleepy squeeze. “Dude, why’re you still here?” Billy asks.

And *that’s* a fucking mixed signal, Jesus Christ. But Steve has been thinking *exactly* the same thing, so, “If you didn’t want me to stay--”

“What?” Billy lets go of him and sits up, rubbing his hands over his face. His bun is a lop-sided disaster, but the pendent resting against his chest is gold. “It’s Friday,” he says. “You have economics at ten, or whatever, don’t you?”

And Steve *does*, but.

“Fuck,” Steve gets out of bed and scrabbles for his phone in his jeans, says, “Fuck,” because it’s nine forty-two.

“Bye?” Billy offers.

“*Fuck.*”

Steve’s skipped classes before, but the thing is, his mom has been *wild* lately about his grades, and he’s *kind of* bombing economics, so it’s *kind of* fucking important that he gets there on time, and that he actually fucking listens and takes notes, and behaves.

He’s five minutes late, but he gets there, which is kind of the point.

Not that his mind is on economics.

He’s too hung over, too weirdly wired. There’s something under his skin that he can’t itch, and for once it’s not his dick chubbing up in his jeans because Billy is sending him nudes before lunchtime.

(Although his phone *does* keep lighting up, so.)

(He thinks it’s maybe his *heart* chubbing up, and that’s definitely not good for his cholesterol, or the sticky notes left on Billy’s door, or

what he's supposed to tell his parents when they ask about his love life at Christmas.)

When he checks his phone, there are no nudes, just two texts that say,

found ur thong princess

goin 2 jerk off w it

And Steve has no fucking clue what he could have even left at Billy's, but it definitely wasn't a thong. He actually doesn't even think it's *anything*, just another one of Billy's weird ways of making him fuck up in class, but it still twists something in Steve's chest, something weird-bad. Like thinking about Billy's other guys when they fuck -- and other girls, apparently, girls who wear thongs, so.

Steve texts back, *Not mine, sorry, must be your mom's.*

Billy doesn't text back a long while, so like, maybe he's blown his load, or maybe he just thinks Steve is boring for not playing along. Whatever. Steve has like, actual things he needs to be doing.

But with half an hour left in class, Steve's phone finally lights up, like, *My mom left when I was ten.*

And well. What? *What?* Steve didn't know that, doesn't even know how Billy feels about that, like, if he's angry, or upset, or fucking like, *anything*. He tries to scroll up through their conversations looking for an answer, but he's coming up with nothing, just raunchy one-liners and sweaty dick picks. Billy's barbed wire and crucifix, sandy skin, golden hair.

He doesn't know a fucking thing about Billy.

How Billy's dick tastes doesn't count.

Steve doesn't know what to say, so he just doesn't. Like a fucking coward. He slinks to the library after class like maybe things'll just *work out* if he lets them cook for a while. Like *maybe* all the

weirdness from this morning will gloss over if he pretends it didn't happen.

No cigar.

Billy flops into the chair across the table from him like this is nothing, normal, and Steve guesses it *is*, because they do study together, sometimes, but not together-together, so. Billy's not even taking out his books, just tipping his head slightly and running his tongue over his teeth.

"Sorry?" Steve offers, like a moron.

Billy scrunches up his nose. "Sorry for what?"

And Steve doesn't really *know*, so.

After a pause, Billy huffs and pushes back his hair. He's got tacky diamond studs in his ears, the kind that make Steve want to tug on them with his teeth, see what they're really made out of. Billy crosses his arms, says, "Guess I didn't tell you about my fucked up family, then?" and they might as well be in the fucking *Twilight Zone*.

"No, uh," Steve clears his throat, winces slightly. "We haven't really had time?" Between all the fucking. Yikes.

"Well," Billy sneers, like, "My mom flaked, my dad is an abusive asshole, my step-mom might as well be a cardboard cut-out of a human, and my step-sister is a huge fucking bitch. I don't want to talk about it."

The thing is, in person, Steve can't just leave Billy on read when he doesn't know what the fuck to say, so he's stuck just kind of staring, mouth partly open, running through all the whats and whys and hows. Processing months knowing Billy, fucking Billy after a party, waking up in Billy's arms, and now whatever the fuck *this* is.

"You know what, fuck this."

"Wait--" Steve snaps his books shut as Billy gets to his feet. "Sorry? Just. Sorry, I guess. Fuck. I just didn't know what to say to that earlier, you know? A *thong*? That text might not have even been for

me.”

“Who else could it have fucking been for?”

“I don’t know? Someone else you’re--”

Billy laughs, kind of mean. “I’m not hooking up with anyone else, you idiot. What was it you said, I ‘haven’t really had time’? I could have had anyone I wanted at that party.”

And Steve knows that, even though Billy is contradicting himself. Knowing it’s not making it any fucking better. Kind of just makes Steve want to die.

“But you wanted to fuck me.”

“Yeah, I wanted to fuck you.”

They’re talking way too loud for being in the quiet study zone.

“Do you want to fuck me right now?”

“I kind of want to punch your face in.”

Steve lets out a slow breath. “Cool, so we’re just back in fucking September again.”

Billy snatches his keys from where he threw them on the table and grabs his bag from the floor. “Shut the fuck up, come on.”

But Billy doesn’t punch him when they get outside the building, like he might have in September. He crowds Steve up against the wall, pushes Steve’s shoulders until his head hits brick. With the way the stairs jut out, there is just enough space between them and the hedges that they *probably* won’t get seen, and Steve’s worried about no one finding his corpse for about five seconds before Billy’s lips are on his, kisses all clicking teeth and fingers digging into his sweater.

It should make him angry.

It’s kind of erotic.

(It's kind of *confusing*, but Billy's slipping his hand into his sweatpants, and they're kind of in public, and Steve *really* doesn't need a criminal history, but)

He bucks against Billy's palm, wants his hands on Billy's skin. Wants to think this is maybe a solution, with Billy's teeth grazing over his neck, Billy laughing softly in his ear.

"You like to get off in public?" he asks, and Steve is pretty positive he's shut that down about a million times, but Billy's kissing him in earnest, playing with his cock, and well.

Steve can't exactly hide how fucking hard he is when things are already this far gone.

"You got something to say to me, Pretty Boy?"

Steve tugs on Billy's hair. "Like what?"

"A sorry, maybe, since I'm being so forgiving."

"I said sorry," but it's shaky, kind of airy. "If the campus police--"

"Guess you better be quick, then."

And Billy is confusing, disgusting, infuriating, *gorgeous*, and Steve is a complete *dumbass*, so he whines, "C'mon, I'll blow you in my room--" which absolutely does not work.

"Or you could blow me here."

Which Steve is definitely not going to do, but the idea makes his breath catch, has him moaning softly as Billy tugs on his bottom lip. Faintly, he realizes he had more resolve when he was drunk than he does now, and that's not something he really wants to investigate, not when he's unzipping Billy's jeans and jerking Billy in return, heart thumping and skin tingling each time the library door opens and slams shut.

Billy's teeth are on his cheek, breathing hot in his ear, murmuring, "Someone is going to hear you," like Billy isn't also making noise with every breath, fucking into Steve's hand like they're

on a clock. Like he's trying to get Steve's hand fucking pregnant.

"Sorry," Steve says, mostly a gasp. "Sorry, sorry."

Meaningless. Billy doesn't need it, can't with how smug he is when Steve comes first, with how he almost breaks their cover laughing when he wipes Steve's come on the inside of Steve's sweatpants. He comes with his nose in Steve's neck, hands gripping Steve's hips, and it's.

Well, it's kind of mortifying.

But Billy is laughing again, knocking away Steve's hand so he can fix himself back in his jeans, and Steve *should* be angry, but.

"What was that about blowing me on your rich boy sheets?" Billy asks.

They have to change their pants now *anyway*.

Notes for the Chapter:

hi, have more plot than normal maybe, sorry for the wait

(eternalgoldfish? more like eternal SCREAMING, 2020 has been a year, i am happy to be back)

thank you so much for reading!

please feel free to hit me up @eternalgoldfish on tumblr

hugs and kisses

feedback is always appreciated

brb while i fall back into my existential crisis

9. r u up

Billy's just being weird, is all.

And like, Steve's not *trying* to think of it as weird, because *technically* the way Billy is acting is really great. Like, 10/10, would request this version of Billy again.

It's just not really what Steve has come to expect, given like, the *rest* of it.

Like, it's not *normal* for Billy to hit him up at ten in the morning like *r u up*, like he thinks it's midnight and like Steve hasn't been trying to convince himself to get out of bed for the better part of an hour.

It's not normal for Billy to knock on Steve's door a few moments after he's sent *yeah*, or for Billy to even be in Steve's dorm room in the first place. Billy's always the one riling Steve up, waiting for him to come running. Feeding him breadcrumbs like candy.

This isn't that.

This is Billy with his bun still fucked up from sleep, teeth barely brushed, pushing Steve up on to his hands and knees when he's pretty sure Billy is supposed to be getting ready for a class. This is Billy breathing hot on Steve's neck, fucking him into the mattress while the sun shines through the open window.

Steve thinks that maybe his neighbours can hear, if they've also got their windows open, but. That's not *really* important when he's rutting his dick against the pillow stuffed under his hips, moaning with his mouth pressed into the sheets. Listening to Billy ramble, "Fuck, baby. You're so hot. Knew you'd want it. So *easy*."

Billy grips Steve's thigh with one hand, fingernails and golden rings digging welts into freckled skin, so close to Steve's cock that Steve feels mad with it. Feels over-needy as he pushes back against Billy's thrusts, humps his pillow like a desperate teenager. Aches for stimulation on both sides. Feels like he *needs* Billy.

And Billy came in here first, dick kind of hard in his sweats, kisses too eager to be coy as he got Steve back into the sheets, so he knows he's not alone. The saint Billy wears around his neck bounces around Steve's back as they move together, tracing cool paths over his hot skin, making him shudder.

After they both come, Billy takes his time playing with Steve's hair, spends what feels like an eternity running his fingers over Steve's skin before he bothers to throw out the condom. Says, "Don't you have a class this afternoon?"

"Yeah. Don't you have one like, right now?"

Billy shrugs, reaches for his phone, makes a face. "Yeah, at eleven. Fuck, I gotta go."

This isn't the same as oversleeping, or losing track of time. Steve rubs his hands over his eyes as Billy wipes his dick on one of Steve's t-shirts.

So yeah, it's a weird morning.

After an hour of sitting in Starbucks, slowly sipping their drinks and tapping computer keys, Jonathan asks, "So, still seeing grandma?"

Steve squints his eyes at Nancy. She just thinks she's so funny. "Did you tell that joke to everyone?"

Nancy just smiles, sweet. Says, "I was traumatized. It was a coping mechanism."

Yeah, *hilarious*. Steve takes a sip of his latte, glances at Jonathan, wishes he had something less petty and defensive to say than, "We're still fucking. Which you'd know, if you guys ever wanted to hear about him."

(Although, given who Nancy is, and who Billy is, he has *kind of* been trying to keep the worlds apart, you know, like, just a *little*. So maybe it has been *months*. Steve's had a lot on his plate.)

Nancy always reads him like a book, raises her eyebrows like she doesn't need him to elaborate. "He's your boyfriend. We didn't think it was right to pry if you didn't want to tell us about him."

Billy's not his boyfriend, but somehow voicing that feels like dropping an anvil on his foot or putting a nail into his coffin, and he's absolutely not going to investigate that, because it can't be good for his heart health.

(Neither is his triple venti caramel macchiato with toffee nut *and* vanilla, but this business paper is really killing him, it's different.)

"You don't seem to be having an issue with that right now," Steve says.

Jonathan gestures vaguely at his own neck. Says, "Dude, you've got a ton of hickies."

Which Steve *realizes*, thank you. "And you're a ton of cliches."

"Does that really make sense?" Nancy asks, scrunching up her nose, at the same time the barista calls out, "Grande Americano for Billy?"

Jonathan points over Steve's shoulder. "He's also looking at us."

And well. Fuck. Steve twists around in his chair enough to catch Billy's eyes, returns his sort of half-wave as Billy grabs a lid to snap on to his drink.

Billy ambles over like, "How's the study date going?" Smiles toothy, over-sweet, thinks he's being charming or some shit.

"It's not a date," Steve says, at the same time Jonathan says, "Badly."

They're all fucking *comedians*.

"You got room here for one more? I've got to kill an hour while my car is in the shop."

And Steve doesn't know why he wants to say *no*, not when, "Sure," is already tripping over itself to escape his mouth. Not when something

small and eager is expanding in his lungs like a balloon, spreading like Billy's arms around him first thing in the morning, echoing like all the times he's thought of Billy's other men.

Billy takes the empty seat next to him and pulls out his laptop, elbowing Steve a little as he does it, and like.

Forget about a weird morning, it's a weird fucking day.

He's absolutely right, by the way. After about twenty minutes, Nancy looks like she'd rather eat an entire bag of nails than ever talk to Billy again.

Notes for the Chapter:

More plot? More plot??

Thank you all so much for reading, you're a bunch of babes. Your kindness makes me weepy.

As always, feedback is loved and appreciated.

And feel free to hit me up on Tumblr
@eternalgoldfish!

10. prostate exam

Somehow, Steve's on his back again. Which would be fine, except, well. He's *pretty sure* this wasn't what they'd agreed on, when he was sweet talking Billy on the way back from the cafeteria, Billy shoving him along after a late dinner, both of them basically *jeering* one another.

He's pretty sure that Billy had said, *Yeah, fuck yeah*, when Steve had grabbed his collar in the hall, crashed their lips together like, *I wanna fuck you, baby. Can I fuck you?*

They've always had slightly different love languages, (not that this is *love*,) but Steve thought he was being pretty assertive. You know, like, using his words and *I* statements and all that. Clear consent. But Billy's got Steve naked and pinned down, got Steve's thighs spread wide and their dicks moving together like Billy might just shift his hips and take what he wants. And it's *hot* -- the idea of Billy inside him -- but it's not what he *wants*.

It has his dick twitching like it always does, makes him wonder why he spent so many fucking years pretending gay porn didn't do it for him. Makes him fuck himself with his fingers sometimes when he gets off now, thinking about how he could get some on camera to send to Billy. Maybe thinks about how fucked Billy would be if he opened a text like that in class, how Steve would get fucked after.

Normally, that would be great, perfect, but.

He runs his hands up Billy's chest, groans in his mouth, tugs his hair. Talks against his lips like, "Can't wait to finger fuck you, baby," just trying to get things back on track, "Wanna be on your knees for me?"

Billy seems to freeze, like maybe he forgot. Or like maybe Steve fucked up, didn't *get* something. Billy lets out a slow breath. Steve's stomach drops right through the bed and hits the floor with a wheezy squelch, thinks *for sure* that he's killed this, even if he doesn't know how--

Then Billy's bending down for another kiss, slow, grinding their hips

together. "Want you to blow me when you do it," he says.

Oh. "I can do that." Steve breathes.

Somehow, Billy's the one on his back now, legs shoved up as Steve kisses him, and it's. Well, this part isn't new, but Steve feels over-hot as he kisses down to one of Billy's nipples, knows Billy'll let him suck it as long as he wants, knows Billy *knows* him. Feels like his skin might vibrate off in anticipation, sweat half nervousness as he scratches his nails over Billy's thighs.

He doesn't linger, although he wants to. Doesn't want to miss one opportunity for another. He takes Billy in his hand and strokes him twice, mouths just the tip a moment. Billy moans like maybe he's going to throttle him.

"Are you going to do it, or what?"

Well now, haven't the tables fucking turned.

"Patience, patience," Steve says, letting go to fight with the lube, so when he takes him in his mouth again, he can press into Billy with his other hand.

Billy stiffens, takes a sharp breath that *maybe* isn't the kind Steve wants, that *maybe* has Steve worried, but it's followed by, "Are you gonna fingerbang me, or are we practicing a prostate exam?"

Because apparently nothing shuts him up.

Around his fingers, Billy is *tight*, and Steve's fucked himself open enough to tell the difference now. He takes his time to work Billy over, but that doesn't mean he's slow about it. Before long, Billy is cursing, fingers welting Steve's shoulders and dick leaking in Steve's mouth, breath catching like, "Think I'm good. Get off. I want it from the back."

Steve doesn't scramble, exactly, but the way he moves isn't dignified. He almost drops the condom getting it on, which is just ridiculous. For a second, he kind of forgets what he's even meant to be doing, brain too caught on how Billy looks on his hands and knees, back arched a bit as he pumps his dick, waiting. Blond curls stick to his

neck and shoulders. This close, peering over the skin of Billy's back in a way Steve's never really seen before, Billy's got tiny scars, tens of them, maybe a hundred.

"I'm not going to beg, pretty boy," Billy says, canting his hips back, almost sounding a little *mean*. Fucking strung out. "You need me to show you where to put your cock? Maybe fuck it for you?"

"No," Steve says quick, wiping the back of his wrist over his mouth. Brain lag, maybe.

Billy reaches around to stick the tips of his fingers in himself, and it's definitely brain lag. Billy's like, "Or I can still fuck your *pussy*, if you've changed your mind."

They don't even say shit like that, really, but it gets Steve moving, mouth bone-dry as he knocks Billy's hand away and lines up, pushes in.

It's. Not to be dramatic, but Billy's ass just taking him is maybe one of the hottest things he's ever seen. Ever *felt*. Maybe has him a bit nervous that he's going to come on the second thrust.

Billy also wasn't fucking lying. He's not chill about the way they move, rocks his hips to meet Steve's cock with the same fervor as when he's got Steve bent over the edge of his bed, pants still around one leg and socks still on as Billy fucks into him. He coaxes Steve the same way.

"You really like this, sweetheart?" Steve nearly-teases, breathless between moans and forehead pressed to Billy's back.

"Like making you my bitch," Billy says back, half groan, half low-laugh. "Are you going to beg to come in me, princess?"

And unlike Billy, Steve's never above begging.

They don't talk about it, after. Steve thinks they probably should, thinks this probably means something bigger, that maybe they should do some of that sharing shit they've started doing, because maybe

that's healthy. But Billy's grabbing shorts from the floor and stepping over to the window with a cigarette, and Steve is warm and sleepy, blankets sloppily tugged over him, and it's just *easier*.

They're going to have to talk about something, eventually. When Billy gets back in bed and wraps his arms around Steve from behind, they don't.

When Steve realizes he doesn't need to ask to stay the night, he doesn't.

Notes for the Chapter:

Another? Surprise!

(There is absolutely nothing to do with Halloween in this, but happy belated Halloween?)

Thank you all for reading. As always, feedback is very appreciated.

Also, I love to chat? Feel free to hit me up @eternalgoldfish on Tumblr!

And I hope you're all doing well!

11. what r u wearing

what r u wearing

It's so fucking tacky. So fucking *Billy*. And Steve would normally oblige him, would really fucking love to get into some obliging right now, but Aunt Cynthia has just started passing around the peas, and Steve kind of doesn't have a death wish.

(Okay, sometimes it's not so obvious, when he does dumb shit like look at his phone over Christmas dinner, but he doesn't *really* wanna die, not *really*, because if Billy's texting him like that, it means Billy's got his hands in his pants. Thinking about *Steve*. Getting off on *Steve*. So.)

He sends,

Nothing.

Fuck. What he meant to send was, *Not now*. And *Nothing* is a lot different than *Not now*.

Steve is a moron, maybe, because his jeans are growing a little tight, palms a little sweaty, and. He's got to set his phone to silent, got to set it face down on the table. Because if he thinks about *Nothing* for too long, he's going to think about how Billy looks with his fist around his dick, about what *Nothing* will mean to Billy. And if he's thinking about that at the table, about what he wants to *do* about that--

Aunt Cynthia tilts her head as she offers him the gravy, purses her lips like, "Something the matter?"

"Oh, no," he says, uses too much gravy. "One of my profs just put up their syllabus early and I'm not prepared to think about that."

He's never been a very good liar, but Cynthia seems to accept it, handing him the bread rolls next. She shares a look with Aunt Krista, which is bad news, no bueno, abort mission, too late.

"How is school going, anyway?" Aunt Krista asks.

“Pretty alright. I found this semester challenging, but I kept on top of all my courses, so I think I’m getting the swing of things. Nancy and Jon got in there too, so I think that’s helped, you know, with the transition.”

“Nancy, your girlfriend?” Aunt Cynthia asks. “I was wondering where she was.”

It’s been a year, but Steve guesses that’s fair. His aunts only give a shit on holidays. He clears his throat, says, “Yeah, no, uh. I thought I’d mentioned that she started dating this other guy, Jonathan? It’s totally not a big deal. College, uh, is a land of opportunity, right? Lots of people to meet?”

Krista nods like she gets it, until she proves she maybe doesn’t. “Have you found a new girl, then? I doubt the ladies could leave a handsome man like you alone.”

“Not that I’ve heard of,” his mom chimes in.

And Steve’s been trying to do this thing where he’s more honest with his mom, because he’s on a journey of personal growth and all that, but.

He’s not really *lying* anyway.

(But it feels like he’s about to, like maybe his mom will be able to tell that he’s guilty of something. Like she deserves to know about the things he’s learned about himself, his sexuality, who he’s been sleeping next to, who probably just sent him a video covered in come, and.)

(Billy’s not his boyfriend, anyway.)

“I’ve gone on a few dates. Honestly, I’ve just been focusing on keeping my grades up.”

“You just left me hanging,” Billy says, voice never as deep over the

phone as it is in person.

“I was at dinner!”

“So was I. Don’t act like you’re new to sexting, amigo.”

Which. That is *not* what Steve was expecting, but he’s pretty sure it’s not *better* either. “They didn’t give you shit for having your phone at the table?”

“No one gives a fuck about what I’m doing if all the cousins are there. I’m still at the kids’ table. It’s a fucking bore.”

“You sext at the kids’ table?” Steve asks, can’t help but crack up a little as he flops down on his bed. “Lucky. I got grilled.”

“Yeah, well, I’m sure it’s coming to me.”

Billy hadn’t shut up all last week about going to California, about seeing his high school friends and walking the beaches. About how shitty it was in Indiana, even though he’d *chosen* a school there.

On the phone, Billy doesn’t sound so eager to be in California, and Steve can’t quite put his finger on *why*.

“I gotta go back down for dessert soon,” Steve says, because he remembers Billy’s tone that day in the library, knows better than to ask.

“Thought this was your dessert,” Billy says, voice low, slick.

He knows how to make himself sound like a sin, and Steve should know better, knows he doesn’t have time for this. The problem is, Billy is probably lying on his own bed, a hand in his hair and his shirt rucked up, and Steve’s never had very good impulse control.

“What are you wearing?” Steve asks, aims for leg-spreading charm. Wishes he could see Billy laugh.

“*Nothing.*”

“Oh, come on.” Steve laughs. “You’re not.”

"I am. I mean, I guess my dick is wearing my hand, but."

Steve's dick twitches, and it shouldn't be so *easy*.

"So, you're jerking off?" He asks, unzips his jeans, prays he's got more time than he bargained for.

"I was waiting for you, princess. What're you wearing? Since I'm guessing it's *not* nothing."

"No, uh." Steve shucks his underwear and jeans to tangle around his thighs. "I've got that green cashmere sweater on, the one you give me shit about, and my good blue jeans."

"You still have them up?"

Billy must be palming himself, same as Steve. Probably has his stupid head tipped back, skin covered in gooseflesh as he smears precome over his slit with his thumb.

"I've pushed them down."

"Past your ass?"

"Yeah."

"You getting on your knees for me?"

He's not, but he can play along.

"Yeah. If you were here, I'd be letting you fuck me."

"With your parents downstairs?"

"With everyone downstairs. Would you do it? Just -- shove me over on the bed, fuck into me before they notice?"

Billy's breaths are growing more laboured, soft groans catching in the receiver. Steve's trying hard to keep his own sounds soft, words silent and even. Keep his moans to himself when Billy is naked and glorious.

"Shit, baby, yeah. Are you fucking yourself? Think you should fuck

yourself, for me.”

It’s a good idea, has Steve fighting off his jeans. “What’re you doing?”

“Stroking my cock. Got a hand twisting my nipple, just for you.”

That should not be so hot. It’s *unfair*.

“I’d suck your cock.”

“Would be kinda hard for you to do that while I’m fucking you with it,” Billy says, and his *laugh* is unfairly hot, too.

“Shut up. It’s the *idea*.”

“I know, pretty boy. Shit.” Billy hisses. “You fingering yourself, yet?”

“Yeah,” Steve lies. Now that he’s got his legs spread, skin flushed pink and cock heavy, it’s occurring to him that he doesn’t have enough hands.

He’s not putting Billy on speakerphone like this. He’s *not*.

But Billy must have him on speakerphone, to have a hand for his nipple, and.

This is complicated, alright?

He fumbles with his phone a second to get Billy on the speaker, turns the volume down low, begs every god he knows to keep anyone from coming up to knock on his door.

“I’m, uh. I’m on my stomach, fucking into a pillow, while you -- rail me?” he says with a wince. He’s got lube in his suitcase. It only takes a moment for him to fetch it and return to bed, lying on his back with his legs spread, slicked fingers working his cock, teasing at his hole.

“Letting me take you from behind? Shit, baby.”

And Steve doesn’t know why he’s lying about that, either. Why it matters to him if Billy knows he’s on his back, thinking about how

good Billy looks over him when they're chest to chest. Why he loses words when he starts to fuck into himself, thinking about Billy's cock.

"Bet you look so pretty," Billy murmurs. Rambles, really. "Fuck, Steve."

For a moment, Steve just listens to Billy breathe, hears every little hitch at the back of Billy's throat. Then Billy says, "Shit. I'm gonna come."

The sound Billy makes almost breaks Steve. Almost, because he's still not quite there, feels like he's going to rip apart at the seams waiting, because he's so, so close.

"Steve? Dessert is out!" His mom calls up the stairs.

"Fuck," he whines, soft. Then, "Be there in a minute!"

"Shit, pretty boy. They probably all know you're getting fucked, if you sound like that."

And that *shouldn't* be the thing that does it for him, because that's *really* fucking embarrassing, but. Steve comes with a curse, making Billy laugh.

"Shut up. You're the fucking worst."

"Baby, go on. You're keeping the family waiting."

12. swear to the big man himself

Steve knows *exactly* when Billy gets back to their dorms after Christmas break, because there's only *one* asshole on the entire fucking campus who would blast hair metal like that, without giving a fuck about his neighbours.

He might also be the only person in 2019 who *cares* about hair metal, so.

That's not really the point.

The point is that they're having a party tonight for the floor, and Steve was kind of hoping to just relax until then, you know, get all his shit together during his last day of true freedom before the winter semester starts. And now he's gotta tell Billy to chill the fuck out.

And well.

The last time Billy responded to one of his texts was about a week ago, and he's *pretty sure* he didn't do anything to piss Billy off, because Billy had been *really* into jerking off over the phone, and that was *kind of* the last time they spoke, so.

Steve doesn't know why the fuck Billy's been all radio silent, save for his radio that is literally *not* silent, and. Steve maybe knocks on Billy's door a little harder than he needs to, or even means to.

After a moment, the music cuts and Billy yanks open the door, already baring his teeth, like, "I told you to fuck off, Tommy."

But it's not Tommy, it's Steve, and it seems to take Billy a moment to work that out, just enough time for Steve to register the bruise on Billy's cheek and something that stings like rejection. Something that makes him sour, kind of edgy.

"Welcome back," Steve says, pinched, and time starts moving normally.

"Jesus," Billy says, rubbing a hand over his face. "Sorry, I was going to see if you were around once my shit was put away."

And Steve's not really sure what Billy is apologizing for, but at least Billy seems to think he needs to, for whatever, so. "You didn't think the music might draw attention?"

"I didn't think it was that loud? Tommy complained, but Tommy's always such a bitch about shit--"

"I can hear it in my room. Clearly. Down the hall."

"Are you mad at me?"

Steve doesn't know. "Should I be mad at you?"

"What? No. Look, I was going to come find you, I just needed a few minutes. I didn't mean to like, *ghost* you or anything. My phone broke, and my old one was here."

It's not like Billy's required to text Steve, so it's not like Steve can even complain about that, really. They're not like, dating. Steve's been telling himself all week that Billy is busy with his family, busy with his friends. Steve's been really good about remembering that, mostly.

"Oh. Did you drop it or something?"

"Yeah, something," Billy says. "I'll keep the music down." But then he's looking Steve over, running his tongue across his bottom lip. The t-shirt he's wearing looks too cold for winter, lets him show off his muscles as crosses his arms and leans against the doorframe. "Or I could turn it up a bit, if you wanted to come in."

And well, it has been two weeks. And the way Billy is staring at Steve -- like they're not in the hallway, like Steve isn't in sweatpants and his college sweater -- has the heat from Steve's anger slipping down to his groin, coiling in his gut. It's the same way his fists are clenched. He kind of almost wants to say *no* .

What he does is step up to Billy and grip his hair, closing the space between their mouths. Seeks out more heat with teeth and tongues. It's hard not to cave to what he wants, when he knows where to get it.

They're in the hallway, but Billy's sliding his hands up under the back of Steve's shirt, spreading his palms wide over his skin. There are other people wandering through the halls, other people with their doors open, and Steve is acutely aware that they look like *that couple*, and they're not really *that couple*, but.

"Missed you," Steve says.

"Wanna show me how much?"

It's cocky. Infuriating.

Steve pushes him in and slams the door shut behind them.

Billy tugs his shirt over his head without being asked, easy, which is good, because Steve's not feeling very organized, not very patient. He's yanking his sweater off at the same time, his sweatpants hitting the floor a second later.

Billy has enough time to hit *play* on his laptop and crank the volume down before Steve's shoving him on the bed -- before Steve is straddling his legs, showing him how much he *missed* him.

He does miss him.

He grinds their hips together as he catches Billy's mouth, Billy's hands already yanking down Steve's underwear, palming at his ass. Fingertips brushing where Steve wants them, wants them deeper.

Steve tugs Billy's bottom lip, like, "Said you'd bend me over."

"Didn't wait for me to do it, *princess*. I still can, if you want to get up, lean on the bed real pretty."

"What if I wanna ride you?"

"Yeah?" Billy asks, laughs like honey and cigarettes. He sits them up, lifts a hand to Steve's mouth, presses crucifix and barbed wire between Steve's lips.

Steve sucks, because he knows that's what Billy wants. Closes his eyes and feels the metal of Billy's rings pressed against his lips. Rolls their

hips together like Billy's cock is already inside him, like he's every girl that's used his cock to get off.

"Sure you don't want to suck me off first?" Billy asks. He yanks his fingers back before Steve can bite them.

" *Billy* ."

" *Steve*."

Steve shoves Billy on his back again, twists one of his nipples. Manages to hold his ground for about three seconds before Billy is shoving him over, pressing him into the mattress. Murmuring, "And what if I want to fuck you like this?"

"Then do it before I do it myself."

Billy grins, sly. He laughs, like, "Maybe I should let you. Been fucking yourself a lot?"

And Steve doesn't want to say *yes* , doesn't want to admit that the first thing he did when he got to the dorms was lock himself in his room. Doesn't want to admit that he's been half angry, half hard since he heard Billy's music down the hall.

It's *complicated* .

He pushes Billy off, so he can strip his underwear and his dignity. He doesn't need them, doesn't need to be told where the lube is, either, or how to spread his legs. He locks eyes with Billy as he starts to pump his cock, other hand slipping between his thighs to tease his hole.

Billy watches, tongue lolling over his lips. Sunlight catches on his rings as he rubs his cock through his briefs. Says, "Fuck, sweetheart."

Steve isn't saying *yes*, but he starts off with two fingers, groans as he adds a third. Tries not to laugh when Billy almost bites off his tongue. Despite his hurry, Steve's working himself slow, really trying to make a show of it. Shifts one of his knees higher and lets his head tip back. " I've been getting so good at this, I might not need you anymore. Too bad you don't want to fuck me. *Fuck* . Might be forgetting what

your cock is like.”

It’s obvious that Billy could have bent him over, fucked right in. Has Steve’s dick kicking at the thought, at how goddamn sloppy he’s been getting, lately.

Billy knows it, too, awe and hunger in every line of his face. He doesn’t ask if he can, just drops his underwear to the floor and grabs a condom. Pushes Steve’s hands aside as he shoves up Steve’s thighs, presses in.

It’s fucking rude, how good Billy dick feels. It’s fucking *unfair*. Steve tugs at Billy’s curls, like, “Asshole.” Has to fight a hand back around his cock, trying to match Billy’s thrusts.

Billy’s nails bite into Steve’s thigh, his lips brushing Steve’s, like, “Missed you.”

Steve doesn’t know if he’ll go to the party later. Like, he kind of can’t *not* go, when he lives where the party *is*, but. Going to the party would mean getting showered, getting dressed. It would mean getting out of Billy’s bed. And no offense to the other people on their floor, like, they’re great, but. They don’t stack up to watching Billy smoke by the cracked-open window, naked as the day he was born, California tanned skin, dark tattoos, and golden curls.

If Steve thinks getting dressed would be bad, Billy getting dressed would be worse. Honestly, Steve didn’t think that not seeing Billy for two weeks would make him *this* fucking horny.

Christ.

But now that they’re not talking, not moving, Steve can’t ignore how fucking banged up Billy looks.

(And it should say something about him, really, that he could ignore it before. Something about morality and manners. His mom will be disappointed, if she finds out. So will Nancy.)

“Hey, what happened to your face?”

Billy exhales slow, smoke escaping into the cold, like, “Same thing that happened to my phone.”

“You managed to break your phone by dropping it on your face?”

The sneer Billy gives him is unwarranted. “Yeah, you know me, big fucking klutz.”

“Don’t give me that shit, then. Tell me what happened.”

Billy’s silent a long moment, two long moments, like he’s weighing something, or maybe trying out new words. He finally says, “Remember how I told you that my dad’s a piece of shit?”

Oh. Fuck. Steve’s throat feels like he ate something bad, something that left him itchy-scratchy. He sits up to try and clear it, feels mostly like he’s the klutz. Always stumbling into shit.

Billy rubs under his nose with his thumb, takes another drag before continuing. Like, “We got fighting about what the fuck I was doing with my life, and I had to open my smartass mouth and tell him I had a boyfriend.”

Steve knows which part of this should be ringing alarm bells. It’s not the part of him that feels like his organs are failing, itchy-scratchy all over. “So the phone, and your face?” he half-asks.

“Smashed my phone, then smashed my face. It was a very on-brand response for him, actually. Although, I was expecting to get the belt.”

And Steve knew the scars on Billy’s back meant something, when he’d seen them up close. Wants to vomit, thinking about them, now. But they’re not what’s playing on loop in his head, where his CD got scratched so it’s just skipping, skipping, skipping.

He bunches the sheets in his hands and examines his fingers. Clears his throat. Asks, “Who is it?”

“What?”

“Your, uh. Your boyfriend?”

“Get out.”

Steve whips his head up, not expecting Billy’s anger. Not when it’s a simple question, one Steve deserves to know. “Billy--”

“No. Get the fuck out. We’re not doing this shit again. If you’re going to be fucking stupid about--”

And the thing is, Steve isn’t stupid. He *can* be, about some things, but. He hasn’t been trying to be stupid.

“Do you mean me?” He asks quick, maybe too quiet.

That snaps Billy’s mouth shut, has him fuming smoke out of his nose like a dragon. He watches Steve. Waits.

“Look, I just, we haven’t talked about it, really, and I just didn’t want to *assume* , you know, like, you said you weren’t sleeping with anyone else, but I don’t always know what’s going on with you--”

That gets Billy going again, like, “Do you think I’m cheating on you?”

“No? No! I’m just saying -- I’m just saying we didn’t nail anything down. I didn’t think we’d nailed anything down. And I *have* been cheated on. So I, just.”

“I meant you, when I said boyfriend, but if you don’t want that shit--”

Steve pulls at his hair. Says, “I’ve been thinking it, too. That maybe I’m your boyfriend. *Fuck* , Billy.”

Billy deflates, leans back so his head knocks into the wall. Stubs his cigarette out on the windowsill.

“If you want,” Steve says, slowly getting off the bed, “I could be that. You know. Your boyfriend?”

“You don’t have to do that. If you don’t *see yourself with a guy* , or whatever.”

They’re always talking in circles, taking turns scrunching their noses.

“Okay, you don’t give me *that* shit,” Steve says. He lightly takes Billy’s elbow. He feels like he’s swallowing the sun. “Everyone in this building knows we mess around. Probably everyone on this campus. I want -- I’ve *wanted* to be your boyfriend, this whole time. I’m just bad at it, clearly.”

Billy snorts. Mimics, “Clearly.” But he’s reaching to touch Steve in return, cups Steve’s shoulder with a heavy palm. “Guess I fucking suck too, huh?”

“Yeah, but you’re so *good* at it, like, shit. Your blowjobs make me see *God* .”

“Yeah?” Billy grabs at Steve’s dick. “God, huh?”

“I swear to the big man himself.” Steve steps in close and wraps his hands around Billy’s ribs. Kisses just by his ear, like, “You get me *so* horny.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I think this is it???? This feels like it?????????????

I've loved writing in this universe! Thank you all for sticking around and cheering me on. I might add something in the future, but for now, this feels like a solid end point.

Big thanks to uncaringerinn for listening to me whine.

I hope you've enjoyed, and that you're having a good week!

As always, feel free to hit me up on Tumblr @eternalgoldfish.